

# The Register



Spring 2002

# The Register

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Spring 2002

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49-51 D St, P.O. Box 256  
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this night is the color of a bruised plum  
 an overripe sweetness  
 —that's what I feel—  
 walking down bare streets  
 warm woolly clouds overhead  
 and air tinged with cigarette smoke  
 filling my nostrils

out

of

place

it's a dangerous comfort that  
 settles the uneasiness in my stomach  
 and gently reminds me of night walking back home  
 but I'm not home  
 I'm in a new city  
 and I feel the need to dream, walk, skip, twirl  
 jazz in this nice night in this new city  
 but I can't because

Philly, honey, you  
 rub against me like cheap polyester  
 you are too orderly too neat  
 with your geometrically-gridded streets  
 I want to get lost, dammit  
 and find myself in the sticky warmth of your womb  
 but instead I stand here  
 on the corner of 33<sup>rd</sup> and Walnut  
 right where I want and want not to be

don't be so mean, Philly  
 please hold me in your arms  
 hug me like the breeze that wraps around  
 my shoulders as if it were a well-worn, well-loved quilt  
 assure me that my feelings of homesickness are misplaced  
 tell me you will be my home away from home  
 love me, Philadelphia, please

this new city won't listen to me  
 I don't speak its language  
 instead I trip over its sidewalks  
 head tilted up as I stare at the starless sky  
 wanting to swallow the night whole  
 to seal the smell and sweetness of this fine night  
 and bring it back home  
 where I can appreciate Philadelphia  
 without feeling out of place

-Nicole Tabolt, I

# The HeadBANGERS

They are a small little known band called the "Headbangers." They've been playing for about twelve years now and their method has never changed. They are still the same rowdy bunch. Their music starts off with their lead drummer tapping his drumsticks softly. Then the next guy comes in.

He also plays the drums. In fact, that's the only instrument anyone in the band knows how to play. Then they both get a bit louder. Then the first guy changes to bigger drumsticks, trading in the regular kind for the big thumpers they use in marching bands. These are the kind you can really swing away with. He starts pounding the drumsticks against the surface until his partner follows suit. When a third guy enters, they're really going at it. Although there are usually about six of them, sometimes they invite over their friend Eddie. Eddie's sole job is to swing a wrecking ball around and see what he can hit. At least that's what it seems like. I've never actually been inside my head, but I think that's how it works. You see, every time I get a headache, it feels as if these guys are drumming away on my head.

My drummers don't take much to get started. Not enough sleep, not enough food, the wrong food, withdrawal from certain food, someone playfully slapping my head, stress, fear, anxiety, the Red Sox blowing it after doing so well for the first four or five months of the season, any one of these things can cue the drummers. They start really walloping my head after about half an hour. It's around this time that I give in to them and concede that the party, the homework, or the sport I'm playing just isn't worth it.

Eventually I just have to seek refuge in a quiet room. I go there and lie down. The place I usually go is my living room couch where I bury my face in the

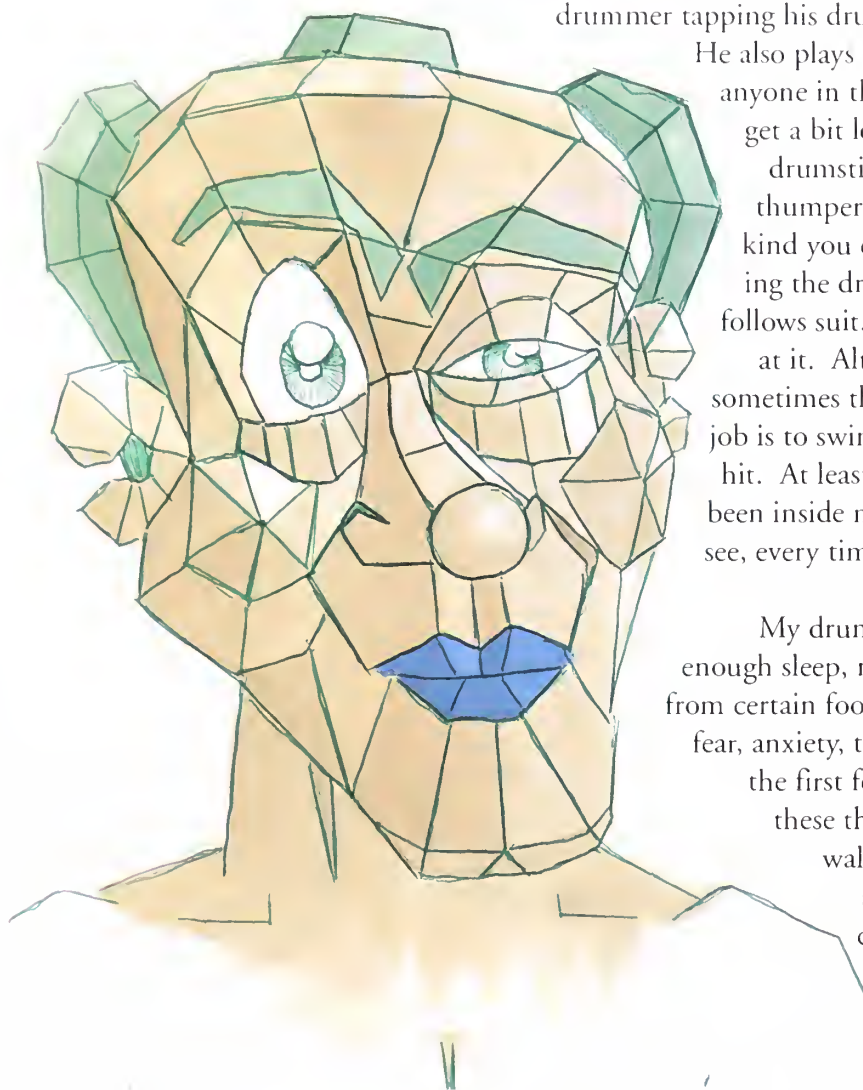
cushions, hoping the drummers will get tired. But

the drummers are relentless. They keep hitting harder and harder.

My skull starts to throb, my hair starts to hurt, and my temples start to cry out in pain.

Hopefully they'll go on tour someday and leave me behind. But I don't think that'll happen anytime soon. It seems bands need to achieve at least mild success before they can go on tour, and so far the only person who has heard them play doesn't really think too highly of them.

-Jonathan Krieger, II





# The Last Step

I hate running, yet  
someone slipped this treadmill  
under my feet, when I was  
looking into eyes, and they were melting.  
He set it at my pace so I did  
not notice it there. I didn't know that  
some eyes are thawed on command.  
Believing the words and those liquid eyes,  
I was lost in my belief in  
fairytales.

Don't stop playing with my hair and  
biting your lip or I might realize that  
some apologies protest forgiveness.

Smile at my nod and dimples appear.  
If I were a different girl, I'd know that  
Satan is dreadfully good-looking.

I couldn't see the last step on this  
machine, but it had been near until  
the best dreams became the worst  
nightmares.

-Caitlyn Zeller, II

A green-blue river that gently flows  
unworried what the winds may hold  
ebbing on as the gray world grows  
staying young as the world grows old.

the orange sun reflecting on  
birds that sing at break of dawn  
feeling that the dark has gone  
knowing that the world moves on

the ice-blue sky above the crowd  
containing every single sound  
each blowing breeze and puffy cloud  
watching all the world move round

a man who looks on by the shore  
makes this silent wish:  
that he might not wonder anymore  
and be just a part in this.

-Atti Viragh, II

## Untitled

echo

her voice resounds  
in the mountains, hills, and  
low caverns and caves  
hauntingly heartbreaking  
in the quality of its tone  
spinning her woeful tale  
with a melancholy accent  
crying of unrequited love  
sharp shards of pain  
pierce her heart  
witnesses to her grief  
are the willows by the caves  
swaying in the breeze  
soft leaves of spring  
that sorrow with her  
weeping tears that fall  
daintily as a snowflake  
for what could have been  
and what never was  
raindrops in a tempest of desolation

-Yucong Ma, V











## Waiting

I live in this universe, on a sheltered dead-end street  
of suburban-style Boston

I sell the essentials of life  
(holding back my animal instincts all the while)  
getting so hungry and lost  
that the fluorescent blue is not a price  
but a date, like the Magna Carta  
or Columbus

all the bills are wrinkled  
and  
facing the wrong way  
looking back with their presidential eyes

by now, they'd think I was a historian  
or a sociologist since I observe  
But the truth is I've lost all sense of truth.

laughing my face red  
refraining, escaping what I really mean

experiencing  
the variety of coffee blends (espresso)

or boldly taste-testing the food  
"for the guests"  
(in case there's some mysterious poison  
or it just doesn't suit their taste)

They were full anyway.

*"Quo usque tandem abutere, Catalina, patienta nostra?  
Quam diu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet?"*

Surrounded and alone  
on his moving discomfort zone  
they call a vehicle  
the sharp aroma of whiskey seeping through the cracks  
(celebrating through his veins)  
and the glint of a used lottery ticket  
There are other broken dreams

There's not one thing I could say to change you  
or to change how you see me, or the world  
as it really is  
only what you already see.

one day we won't need words

I yearn for the truth, yet you avoid it like the plague  
nevertheless, it's there waiting to be heard...

whispering beneath the  
chuga-chug-chug  
and the guy across from me  
with his head phones blasting  
his eyes rolling up  
(I love you.)

-Lauren Lazar, II









*Epigram #3,007*

Love proclaimed to empty space  
is twice as daunting face to face.

-Jennifer French, I





B  
E  
I  
N  
G

Each day I face  
Another "two-life day"  
Being in Between  
American and Columbian  
Weekdays I'm Colombia's chorizo...  
And frijoles, arepas de chococho  
Weekends I'm America's pizza...  
And ice cream, pancakes, burgers, hot dogs, and popcorn

I'm like a turn on/off switch that's in every house  
Switching back and forth  
From English to Spanish  
Infinitely memory fades, so much confusion

I  
N

In school I'm pure American...  
With a little Colombian accent  
At home, I'm switched back to Spanish  
Attitude, volume, Ranchero music, cleaning the house, food, long-distance calls

B

I'm *Eco Moda*, *Pedro El Escamoso*  
*All My Children*, *Young and the Restless*  
I'm Geri

E

I'm Geraldine Maria Medina

T

Parties with food, Cumba, lavish food  
Newly bought dresses, cousins, family, manipulative minds  
Parties with pizza, Jammin'  
"Making out," boys and girls, humor, games

W

I'm like an MBTA bus: going back and forth, but changing routes, then going back  
I have no certain place

E

No one understands how hard, confusing,  
My position is

E

Both sides tugging my restless arms  
I am listed as "uncertain"  
Being two people who are deep within me  
Both on different paths

N

Two profiles  
But only one body...  
In between

-Geraldine Medina, VI

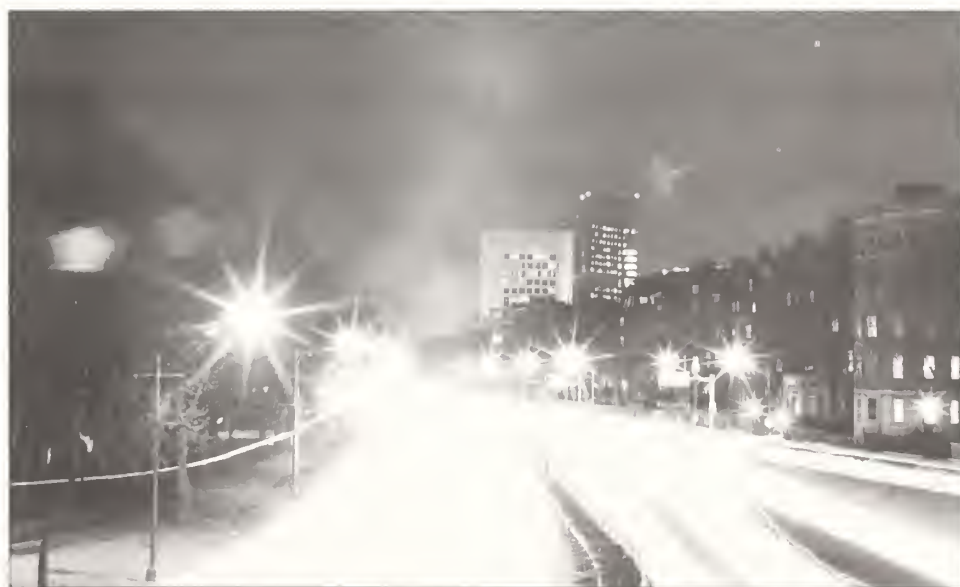


## Girls' Night ☆ Out

Let's hit the clubs Catalina suggests,  
slap them across the face  
with the ruffles of our skirt,  
stomp them into the ground with our four-inch heels,  
drown them in sweat and saliva  
and graffiti the place with chili-red lipstick.  
Lay waste to the scene with the rumble of a hip roll,  
shimmy into the hearts of every Y-chromosome  
and tango out,  
lightning fast.

We've got to find a new place  
she complains, the nightlife here is so passé.  
Girl, I've got lava and sequins in my bones  
but the wallflowers are the ones the boys take home.

-Zoe Weinstein, 1





Spencer

## The Lecture: I'm Sorry Momma

I come home to a pile of dog crap and three little sisters, all vying for the same airtime. I want to cry because there's so much I want to do, so much I need to do, yet I'm so. . . un-motivated. Here comes my mother with the same lecture that I heard two days ago, two weeks ago, two months ago, two years ago. . . monotony. But I love her, so I listen and nod. I actually do retain most of what she says. I feel my throat tightening. . . don't cry. . . please don't cry. "I know I'm a screw-up and, Mom, I'm sorry. . ." Tears. I wipe my eyes on the sleeve of my favorite Gap sweatshirt; it reeks of cigarettes and Black&Milds. I crack a smile because my littlest sister is always saying that I smell like candles and incense sticks; she really is innocent. The 12-year-old knows I smoke and sprays her room after I leave. That hurts. The 7-year-old is too wrapped up in kissing up to my father to smell me. Back to the present, Mom's still talking. I'm holding a magic book in my hands (*The Spooky Magic Book of Conjuring*) and with letters of the title, my fingers are spelling "Shut up, psycho," but she doesn't seem to notice, so I keep doing it. It'll give me something to focus on, so I don't cry. My left foot's asleep and my knee hurts. Hurry up and finish talking. "Are you still seeing that kid?" she asks. My eyes glare, my jaw clenches, I scratch the book and fold it. "His name's Danny, you moron!" Just a thought. . . in reality, I just look at her with annoyance. She knows how to push my buttons. I feel guilty. I know he's dragging me down, but now she's dissing him, so I HAVE to defend him. "If you're with someone who you think is a good person, why do you keep him away?" She's asking for it. "Damn you!" I think to myself. . . I know she can read those words in my eyes. I say, "What's the use? I've been with really good guys. . . Harvard boys. . . but I can't exactly invite them to dinner!! We're not that type of family and you know that!!" She shuts up. She knows we're all difficult. She grabs her head. . . another stress headache. I feel bad. I'm sorry, Momma. . . you know I love you. Those are the words I just can't say because I don't know how. I slink to my room. It's so cold in here, but I'd rather freeze than see that look on her face. I lock my door, put on some music, light a Black&Mild, and sit in darkness, smoking and crying. I'm sorry, Momma. I wish I could make it all go away. . . wish dad wouldn't blame you for all my problems. . . wish you wouldn't get caught in the middle. . . wish I weren't so selfish. . . wish you'd been given a better life, a better family. . . wish I were never born because I messed up your life. I was the cement that bound you to dad. I know you love me and that's one of the only reasons why I'm still here. If I die, you die, and my sisters will be left behind. I'm sorry, Momma. I'm sobbing. I hear a scratch and an exotic meow. I open the door, just enough to let the cat and dog into the room; I don't want the smoke to escape. That cat lies on my lap; the dog licks my face and rests his head on my thigh. This is all I need right now.

-Elisângela Almeida, I



# Trampoline

I look up with an amused smile as I hear the sound of skipping feet approaching.

"Ha ha, I got *food*," says a voice far too excited over so small a feat.

"Nice job, Meg," I tease.

"I know," comes the lighthearted reply. I just shake my head in mock shame. She's such a goof, but I love her and she knows it.

We lean over the railing of the go-cart track. After having several trips around, we are ready for a break. I stifle a laugh as my best friend struggles unsuccessfully with a quickly melting ice cream cone. The warm spring breeze encompasses me, and the smell of Cape Cod reaches back through my memory, tugging at so many summer stories buried there. Memories of Meg and me flood my mind, as if propelled by the same current we hear sloshing against the sides of the canal. It still seems strange to me that this time last year, Meagan and I were only "best friends" in name, part of the same group. It's hard to imagine what I'd be missing if we had continued leading parallel lives. Things wouldn't be the same. That I know for sure.

Forcing themselves into my mind are memories of tears. The first time I realized that Meg was someone I could lean on, and the first time I knew that I wanted to mean the same thing to her. John's wake. You'd think that my vision having been so blurred by sadness and stinging tears at the same time would cause a dull sheen over the memories that promised to be as equally painful. But they didn't. I remember everything. I remember Meagan's mom picking up Dan and me to drive us to the wake. I remember waiting in the long line leading into the funeral parlor, holding onto one another's hand for strength. And most of all, I remember finding that strength there.

"You okay?" she asked me.

"Nope." She squeezed my hand.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Nope." I squeezed her hand.

We smiled at each other and both went to comfort Dan.

Later on, we would begin to realize that we no longer needed to ask each other that question, because we instinctively knew. And that alone meant more to me than anything else ever could. In fact, there were a lot of things we could guess about each other without the use of words.

There are the countless happy memories, marked still by gleeful giggles at the mere recollection of them: Hide-and-seek in Meagan's house!

"How the hell did the game ever even start?" I ask with a smile.

"I have no idea! All of a sudden Danny and Spiffy were using their cell phones as walkie-talkies and you, Chelle, and I were crouching down in the closet!"

"That was too much fun though!" Leave it to me to state the obvious.

"Oh what about the time when we were in the dark room and Dan came—"

"And Michelle with the chemicals!" she completed my simple thought.

"Oh my God, that was too funny. But the best was upstairs with the book!"

"Michelle collapsed!" I shrieked.

"Ha ha. And then the trick we played on Spiffy?" she offers.

"Which trick?"

"The cell phone!"

"Oh yeah! That was great!" another fit of hysterical laughter. The conversation always ends with both of us exclaiming in unison, "We are *so* pathetic!" But we both know it's one of the nights that we wouldn't trade in for anything in the world.

And yet, we can still surprise each other. The day before her sixteenth birthday, Meagan had been absent from school. I went home and signed onto AIM, hoping to see her screen name on my buddy list. It wasn't there. My next move was going to be to call her cell phone. Before I could stand up and reach for the phone, a beautiful long-stemmed pink rose was being placed into my hands. I turned to see Meg standing there, a comforting smile on her face. "I knew that you've been down lately over certain things, so I thought this would cheer you up." I couldn't believe it. Here she was, a day before Her birthday, handing Me a gift. In the midst of her own problems, and at a time when one can decidedly become selfish for the week due to the anniversary of one's birth, she was worrying about me. The card attached to the rose offered encouraging words that we had long ago adopted as our motto: the chorus to a typical Rogers & Hammerstein's Cinderella song, encouraging a heartfelt belief in the achievement of "impossible things." We always know just when it's time to break out into song.

We had now wandered past the go-cart track and approached the trampolines. Tiny children were jumping up and down, seemingly without a care in the world. Wistfully, I thought how nice it would be to be one of them. I studied their faces. One girl was just stepping up onto the massive object, and she looked doubtful, scared. She began to bounce a little, but her feet remained on the stretchy black surface. She worked up her nerve, and slowly her face broke into a grin. She let go of her fears, trusting the ground beneath her would be soft and accepting. She soared higher with each jump, giggling more and more freely as she became sure that the trampoline would always be waiting to catch her. And it was. When she fell, it pushed her back up, even higher than the first time. And the third time, it pushed her up higher than the second. The fourth? Yet higher than the third. Her fears vanished, her eyes became wide and willing. Her face lit up anticipating the next climb, not taking notice of the falls in between.

"So what are we waiting for?" Meagan's stable, but playful voice broke into my reverie. "Race you to the trampolines!"

-Janet Guarino, II

## After the

## M A D N E S S

In Downtown, after the madness  
there were stories of despair  
The streets were bare,  
except for the flowing streams of red  
Schools stayed closed  
the children alone, in their empty houses  
Their fathers killed, their mothers taken  
And the small town had barely survived  
after the madness

In Downtown, after the madness  
the smell of the smoke from the guns stayed in the air  
the sound of the fired shots echoed throughout the buildings  
Even the pigeons were gone,  
but most still lay in the road  
the innocent victims who got in the way  
And the soldiers  
were buried beneath the dark mounds of the protective ditches  
but never getting the proper ceremony that they deserved

The city would never forget this day  
when the war ended  
It was when the Madness finally ended  
But I question if it was really after madness  
or just the beginning

-Jennifer Ho, VI



# Entropic Visionary

When the beeps and the grunts  
mix with the off-color hues  
the shapes define themselves  
and the world becomes a muse

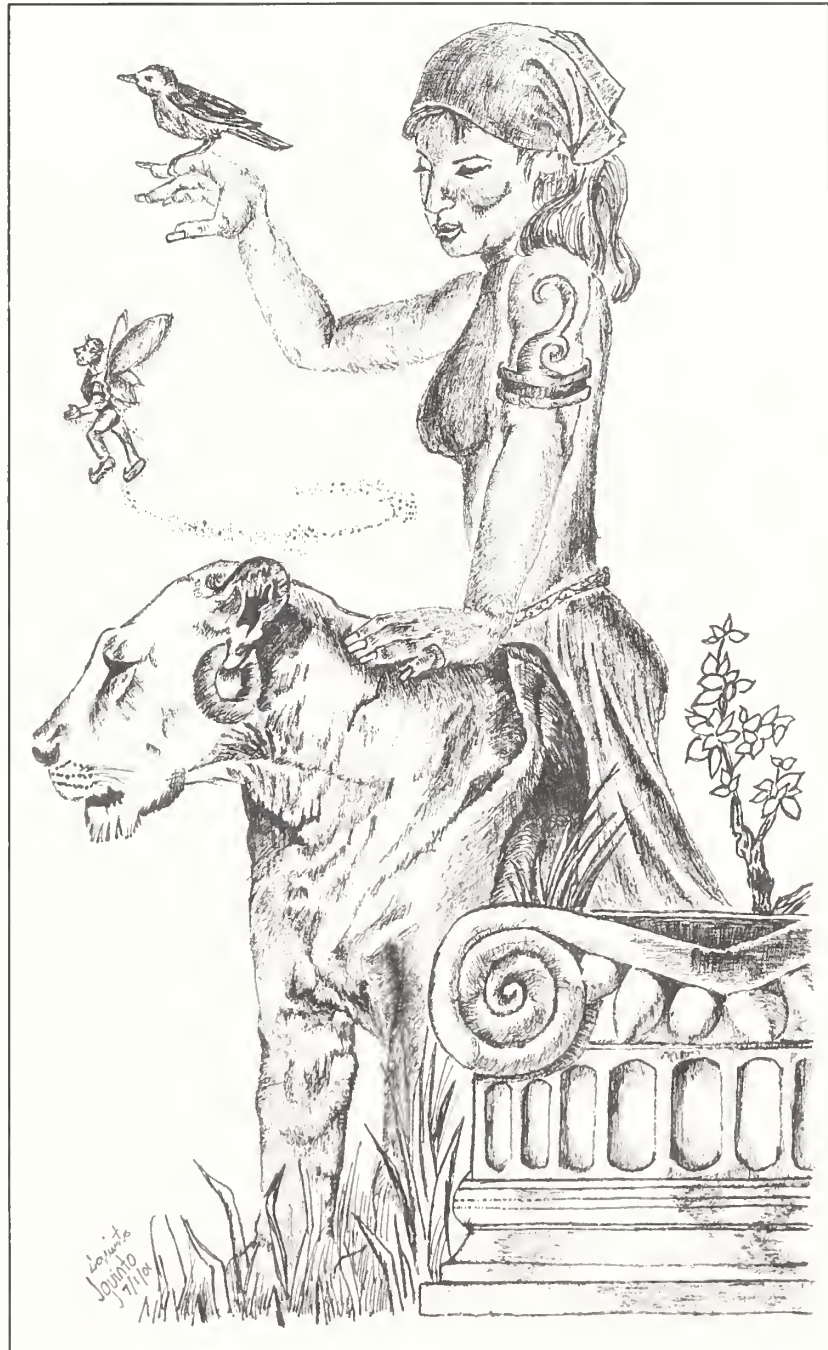
Air flowing over metal  
signals pulsing at night  
things flow in order  
creation brings a light

Reality becomes a fantasy  
anomalies are commonplace  
the portals lie open  
staring at you in the face

Powers combine and multiply  
survival of the best  
sleek trumps the simple  
and puts them all to rest

Fantasy turns into reality  
worlds grow more and more  
every single instance collides  
lights shine brighter than before

The subculture birth  
that came and paved the way  
sparked an omnifarious act  
and will never go away



- Matthew Chan, I

## Faces of a Clock

Always screaming with its wide mouth when to awaken,  
 Pointing with its horrid hands at the time,  
 rubbing it in your face that you are late again.  
 Taunting you with every number, laughing,  
 testing with the fact that man will never get his revenge on it.

Yet, when at 4 and 8, it saddens,  
 knowing that it too ages, and once you are gone,  
 it will also leave, no longer wanted by others.  
 It too knows that it hurts itself,  
 wearing itself down with each turn of the gears within it.

The day-dial divides into two different halves when little at 6 and big at 12,  
 wanting to let sleep, but needing to awaken,  
 both reasons pulling it into two, with equal force,  
 drawing a line down the middle.



-Sully Jereidini, IV





## LUCKY NUMBER THIRTEEN

Looked down upon and not because I am shortly after I  
was brutally stabbed in the back I  
scream that echoes constantly in my ears overwhelms  
the silence in my mind the fact that I don't write well  
between the lines so your narrow eyes will have to adjust  
your thoughts so maybe you can see that there is no smile  
upon my face the consequences when you wish to tell the truth  
but lie here in bed and watch slowly as the ceiling  
closes in on you fall into the spider's black web and  
join me for eternity is not that long but only if you cut it  
short are the words uttered to me by those who really  
mean it is imaginary what I see and what is  
real love or not I crave for anything that  
begins with I and does not end in I either  
way it doesn't matter because the only  
person reading this is you

-Nikki Wells, V



# *With Sincerity*

誠意無遠路  
心高克萬難  
欲論功誰屬  
但求心中安

With sincerity, one does not have to travel far,  
And with a set mind, one can surpass all obstacles.  
Then it does not matter who takes the credit  
When the heart is at peace.

- Translation by Joyce Yip, I

## Give Me Strength

This is my prayer to thee, my lord—strike,  
 strike at the root of penury in my heart.  
 Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.  
 Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.  
 Give me the strength never to disown the poor  
 or bend my knees before insolent might.  
 Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.  
 And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

-From *Gitanjali* by Rabindranath Tagore

গীতাঞ্জলি ২৭১ নং  
 প্রভু! প্রভু! প্রভু! হৃদয়ে তুই বসে  
 যখন প্রভু! প্রভু! প্রভু! প্রভু! প্রভু!  
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-Translation by Lamia Momen, II

# MISPRISION

Looking straight up at the ceiling for what seemed like an eternity, he awoke into consciousness. He had never really been asleep, only in a state unable to move or think. A yellow stain on ceiling suddenly provoked his mind, like the turning of a key in his father's beat up pinto. He swung his bare feet over the edge of the bed onto the cold dusty floor, his eyes now transfixed on the digital clock resting comfortably on the windowsill. He was late for school, again. This revelation did not upset him; nothing upset him anymore; if anything, this made him move even more sluggishly. Glancing out the window, he noticed there was a gentle drizzle.

A long sleeve cotton shirt was in a ball on the floor. He reached down and unraveled the heap. There were no stains obvious so he stuck his head through the neck and let the cloth cover this thin figure. The process of determining the rest of his attire was no different. Traversing the threshold of his undersized room and dragging himself down the stairs, he headed for the coffee maker. It was dirty, with specks of grounded beans on the streaked glass pot. He decided to forego any form of nutrition and grabbed his hat from the kitchen table. He had not seen his parents for a number of days. They told him where they were going but it slipped from his mind as quickly as it entered. He couldn't care less if they were home or not. A discussion beyond five words was a rare occurrence between the two parties. These thoughts flashed through his mind in a split second, just as they always did.

After resting a baseball cap on his fine black hair, he picked up his backpack. It had holes in it from age, but with a stapler and a little intuition, the problem was quickly resolved. The heavy door to his house opened slowly and he shuffled down the misshapen concrete steps. The steadfast determination of his stride seemed contrary to his character. His mind ached as he pushed himself down from the hill on which he lived. He walked by people in the street and looked into their faces, as if searching for something unable to be found in himself. Ordinary people like you and I often made him want to cry. His desperate search needed to be concluded, so the emptiness was filled with a sense of overwhelming pride. Being his only salvation, this pride tore at his mind. He knew he was in the wrong but any attempt to quench the fire was useless. These are the thoughts that lay upon him every second of each day, like a block of lead dragging him deeper into an abyss.

By this time, he had arrived at the T station. His wet face shone in the streetlight as he walked by the young girl handing out free papers. His dark stubble became obvious while under the light. He refused her every morning but she never seemed to get the point, always holding up a paper and expecting him to receive it with open arms. At first this girl annoyed the hell out of him, but her presence in the same spot day after day began to comfort him for some strange reason. He held up his pass with a nonchalance and made the three-pronged gate spin. A construction crew worked busily before his eyes while he stood on the platform. They were beyond the rusted chain-link fence separating the train rails from the Big Dig. Muffled sound from earphones and worthless chatter seeped into his head, they met only disregard. The metal beast slowed to a halt as if at his command. Perusing the faces as he penetrated the beat, his fingers caressed a familiar metal bar. His body remained erect, as it always did on the train. All he needed was the faithful support of that metal railing. The grime in the grooves of the floor matched his moist sneakers perfectly. A dead silence now pierced the subway air. He wished the train would go on forever, never exposing its belly to the outside world. The time did come when his stop approached, causing apprehension to be manifested by the tapping of his fingers against



the pleasantly cold steel. Bursting out of cavern, the train ceased its journey.

As the doors parted, a magnificent light flowed into the car, illuminating every face and bringing life to every inanimate object in sight. Cracks in the seats, cloudy windows, trash covered floors, all the imperfections were brought to attention, yet somehow that made it beautiful. It did not hide behind a façade of darkness anymore but stood proud. The light failed to permeate his skin as he bolted from the train and out of the station.

He lit up a cigarette once outside. The smoke began winding through his lungs; it was one of the few things that gave him pleasure. He watched as it leapt from his pallet and twirled in the cool autumn air. Each breath was an attempt at a new dance. They were his creation, ballerinas tumbling about through his capricious desires. An actual figure appeared, seemingly out of the smoke. A woman walked two blocks ahead of him; she was like nothing he had ever seen before. She wore all black but radiated purity, a familiar shape begging to be touched. He analyzed every inch of her. A long skirt extended to her ankle, just above the two-inch heels neatly strapped to her feet. A thin sweater hid her from the world and its corruption. He could not get over the unparalleled innocence of her movement. She walked with an air of defiance, refusing to accept reality. Taking another drag, he let the smoke caress her body and flicked the cigarette on a patch of dirt next to the sidewalk. Whenever her heel parted from the concrete, the ground pleaded for one more touch, one more breath of life. He missed the old times, before his brother died with a needle in his arm. She brought these thoughts back briefly, memories of summers in Maine and wiffleball. He quickly cast it out of his mind and focused on the scarf wrapped tightly over the top of her head, making visible only a few golden strands of hair. He hadn't seen her face and didn't need to. He continued

-Anonymous



## Manny at Bat:

April 13,  
2001

There was a slight chill in the air  
As our Manny stepped up to plate,  
For he's the one who rids our fear,  
The man the Yanks would love to hate.

The evil Yanks the fans did shun  
And the crowds anything but tame;  
The Sox were losing, down by one,  
Down to the last out of the game.

Second base Trot Nixon was on,  
With Everett's single to right;  
Hope at last had begun to dawn,  
For Manny was up, what a sight!

Tension was high; the end was near.  
Rivera's arm blasts forth the ball.  
Manny's bat hits nothing but air;  
Strike one the umpire did call.

Rivera grins with much delight  
As his infamous curve was cast;  
The pitch was bad, flung to the right,  
The runners advance a base fast.

At third and second runners stood  
And with Manny still up at bat,  
The ball was thrown hard as he could,  
And Manny whacks at it with his bat.

Over Derek Jeter it glides,  
Touching down on left field shallow;  
Across home plate Trot Nixon slides,  
Very closely did Carl follow.

A wave of cheers raced through the Park,  
The fans were awing in dismay  
Can this wonder be true, they ask?  
Yes, our Manny has saved the day!

-James Zhen, II



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In 1891  
 This game was invented  
 This game has been huge since the day it was made  
 Improving and evolving  
 From peach baskets to carefully woven nets  
 On tough iron rims  
 Evolving  
 Evolving like the man who invented it  
 Huge  
 Huge since the day it was made

For some, this game is about the money  
 About getting to the playoffs  
 That soon became payoffs

For others, it's about the glamour  
 About the spotlight  
 On the man with the rock  
 The man with the moves  
 The man with the talk  
 But this time

The underdog takes the cake  
 Going from zero to hero  
 In one pump fake  
 And the crowd roars  
 Huge since the day it was made

For me it's about the game itself  
 About the easy layups  
 And game-deciding threes  
 The two-on-two pick up games  
 And soon

The full throttle league games  
 Going for the gold  
 With everything I've got  
 Everyday  
 Every hour  
 Every minute  
 Every second  
 This game is huge

For now  
 It's merely  
 About the skill  
 The game

And the Springfield origin  
 In 1891

-Eric Nelson, VI

# Entropy

I've walked the same path every day, through every season over and over again for the last five years. Every day, I walked slowly past the hedges that surround my home, hoping that some innocent spider hasn't spun his creation in my path. And every day, I've hung a right and proceeded, sometimes enveloped in a thick darkness or bathed in a gentle sunlight. I've stopped at the same dirty corner and, waiting for my companion, counted the number of gum spots on the blocks of concrete sidewalk or the number of cars that choose not to stop at this particular stop sign. Upon his arrival, we have always continued, passing the same cars covered in bumper stickers. And every day for the past five years, I've marveled at this one brown house, which, when I first laid my eyes on it, was relatively boring and without any sense of individuality. However, on the upper porch, there were several beautifully manicured plants, all hanging from the paint-chipped guardrail. And over the years that house, which I've come to believe has been abandoned, has become the framework of an unending expanse of plant life. Every year, I've watched that guardrail, which was recognizable when we first met, as it has been consumed by a force of disorganized, outstretched arms. Now it exists only as a tangled mass on the verge of plummeting downward towards the cruel earth.

I've always been stunned at how what once was a neat line of delicately arranged plant life has, over time, decayed into a state where order doesn't exist. It still possesses a peculiar sense of beauty, though I can't decide why. Now, by watching all of

the vines and their extensions, I have come to understand more clearly how any thing left untouched runs its course.

This has been the case since the beginning of life. For instance, it all began with one single-celled organism, carelessly floating around in a shallow pool of sulfuric acid at the foot of a boiling volcano. Everything was simple. The cell understood its purpose and it carried it out. There was no confusion, until another single-cell organism, through what we now know as Phagocytosis, decided that he wanted to engulf the other cell. That was the start of it, where order began slowly to decay. Nothing after that point in time would ever be as simple as it was then. Since then, there has been warfare, colonization, carnage, capital punishment, persecution, hatred, rape, nuclear devastation, slavery, holocaust, genocide, discrimination, and virtually every atrocity that could be conjured up. The state of the world has decayed, our environment has declined, and any sense of order that was once attained has been lost.

But this process doesn't have to involve millions of lives or be documented in history to exist. It can happen in a much more personal and smaller scale. My family and our house exemplify this idea. When I was seven, my father threw me in the car and off we went to Somerville Lumber. When we arrived, dying to expel my pent up energy, I began to hide in the towering piles of wood, but I was soon discovered. We continued up a ramp and into the building, which from my perspective looked like a huge park, but this time my father tightly gripped



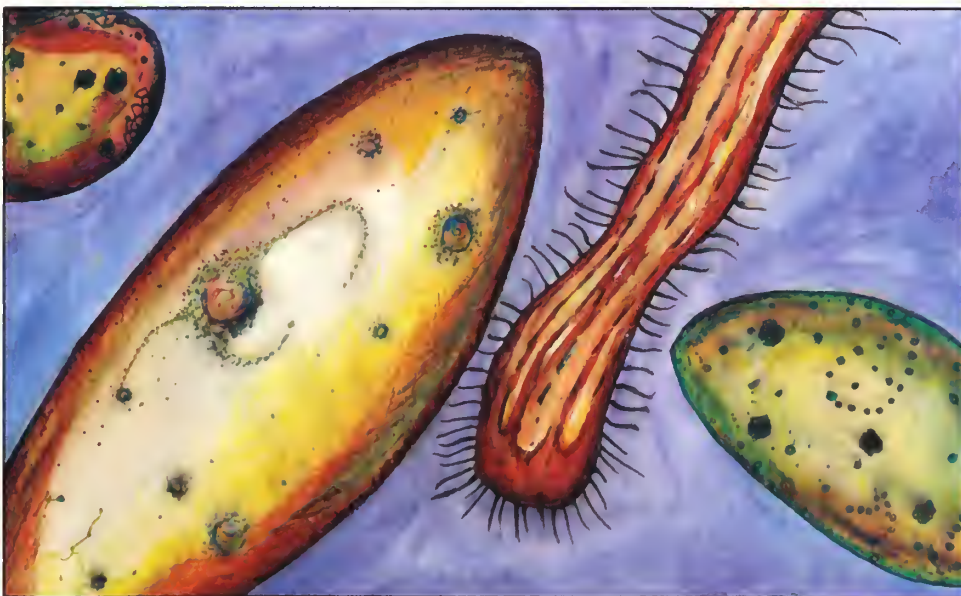
my wrist. We finally made it into a huge section of bathtubs, which wasn't nearly as interesting as the wood piles out front. My father carefully inspected each one and went to talk to a salty looking man with a white beard. Truthfully, he scared me, and I hid at the bottom of one of the larger tubs. Soon my father grabbed me, torn between the fear of that briny looking character and the joy of my new found park. Back out to the car we went, slowly pulling out of that crumbling parking lot, as if to tease me. When we arrived home, my mother began to interrogate my father, which rapidly bored me, so I left for my room. Now, a decade later, if you open the door to my second floor bathroom, you'll find a room that has no floor, with its organs left bare. Over time various unwanted items from all ends of the earth have found their way into that space, cluttering it so that its prior state is indistinguishable. If you travel down my creaky stairs towards the front porch, you'll find an equally cluttered mess. Upon first glance, it looks like a pile of shoes, gardening utensils, window-washing fluid, various sports equipment, a fish tank and a bicycle rim that has been

bent over the years. But it's not what it seems. If you uncover the mess you'll find a large cardboard box hidden under a thick canvas cover.

And if you were to open it, you'd find a large whirlpool, dusty and broken over time. That's how my house operates: nothing is ever completed in its entirety. Plans are never executed, but left unfinished. Currently all the plumbing from the first floor up is useless, my basement has been proclaimed a national archival museum, and my back yard rivals the Amazon Jungle.

We all know that it exists and that it's an irrefutable element of nature. Humans are bound to take what they have and to destroy it, and nature is bound to grow beyond the order we arrange it in. We need only to gaze upon the pages of our history books to see that humans enjoy making chaos out of peace. It's a dynamic, evident throughout all of time. Some philosophers may call this theory entropy, the measure of the inevitable and steady deterioration of a system or society, but it can be expressed in a far more intelligible statement: Things fall apart.

-Glen Ryan, II



gen-o-cide: the deliberate and systematic destruction  
of a racial, political or cultural group

*For Ms. Freeman who dares to teach what the world wants to forget*

never before have I been so useless.  
these tears, what can they do?  
no river forms to take away  
the murdered, tortured, raped.  
these arms, who can they hold?  
how much can they carry?  
these eyes, these legs, these ribs, these feet, this heart.  
where are they when  
infants' heads part with necks  
and mothers watch men with guns rape eight-year-old daughters?

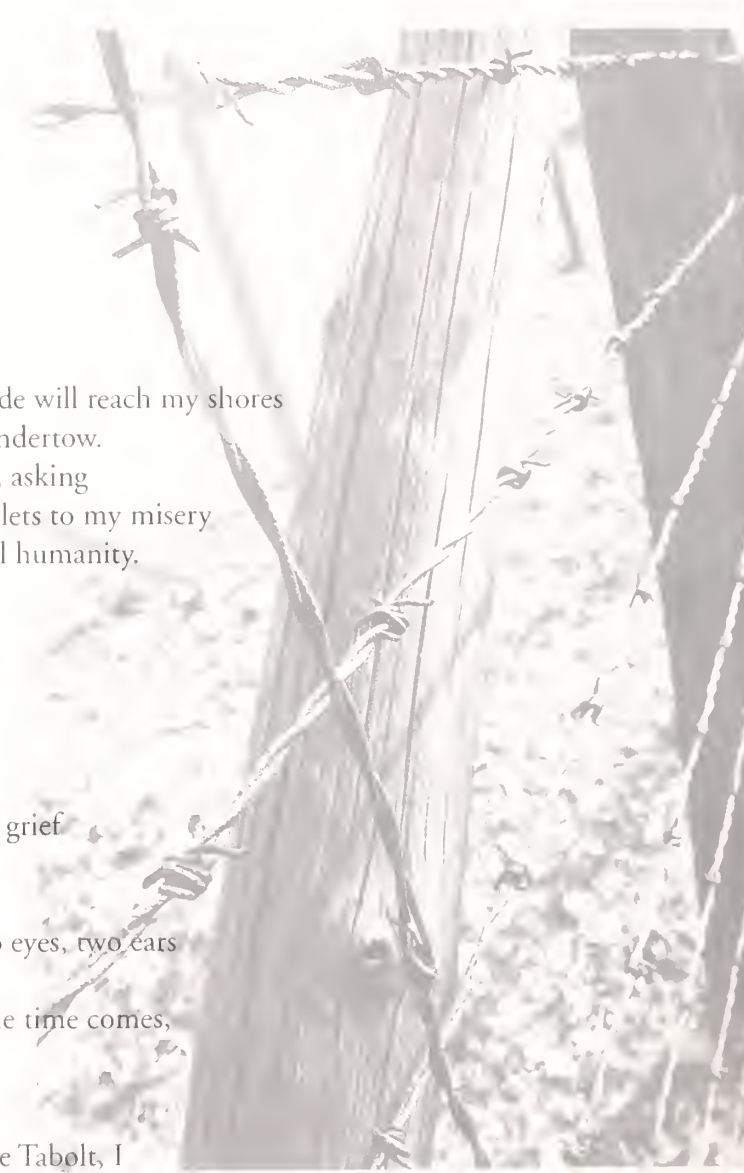
## ON GENOCIDE

let me love this world again.  
show me how.  
every day bears news  
    Sudan, Palestine, Congo  
    East Timor, Chechnya, Burma  
every day brings history  
    Auschwitz, Kosovo, Rwanda  
    Armenia, Bangladesh, Cambodia  
every day

I wonder when the bloody tide of genocide will reach my shores  
and which bodies will be caught in the undertow.  
maybe, I will lie dying in a pit of corpses, asking  
why the world has closed its eyes and wallets to my misery  
and let loose a firing squad shooting at all humanity.  
maybe, I will put a rifle on my back.  
maybe, I will be silent as  
friends, neighbors, lovers disappear into  
the indifference of the night.

never before have I been so needed.  
alone, I can cry and scream and vomit in grief  
but from my puke and salty tears  
I have created no haven.  
yet I too am human with two hands, two eyes, two ears  
and one big mouth.  
maybe I can save no one. maybe when the time comes,  
no one will save me  
but I cannot bear witness silently.

-Nicole Tabolt, I









# F i s h i n g R o d s &

## Bridges

The sea breeze hit her face as the boat cut through the waters. Her father stood beside her with his hand on her right shoulder. Daddy's Little Girl hardly spent time with Daddy anymore. Since her mother was forced to retire due to medical reasons, her father was working for twelve hours straight to support the family. Every night her father came home tired. Every month their close relationship grew farther apart.

He woke her up at the break of dawn one summer day. "Hurry up, get dressed," he said in a whisper. "Where are we going?" "Fishing," he stated with a smile. She was still in a stupor when she got into the car. As she looked at the desolate highway covered with morning's dew, she rolled down her passenger side window, hoping the fresh air would rouse her. A blue '87 Buick station wagon pulled into a crowded gravel parking lot two hours later.

They then walked towards a brown wood structure, which was filled with a fishing supply store and huge restaurant. She noticed the dark sea beyond the building. Gray yawning clouds lay on the wet surface. The repugnant odor of fish instantly occupied her nose. Her father chuckled at her scowl. They filled the hour with "small talk" as they ate breakfast. It had been so long that neither of them knew how to approach the other. It was 7 o'clock and the boat was loading its passengers.

She cautiously walked up the unsteady ramp on the deck holding the cooler with their lunch inside. She noticed the sons and fathers, fathers and daughters, and an entire family walking along the deck, eager to journey through the Atlantic waters together. The fishing boat sailed under a rusty green drawbridge covered with seaweed and barnacles.

The sky was still gray and she could feel a few raindrops hit her nose. "Let's go inside before you catch cold," her father advised, pulling her hood over her head. Two hours later the captain announced that we had "reached the best spot" for a good catch. Some passengers quickly pulled out their own fishing rods while others lined up to rent their own. Bait for the fish varied from chump to peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. She and her father noticed that the P&J sandwiches really worked. They spent three hours extricating their fishing lines with those of other fishermen, throwing back baby sharks, and waiting long minutes without a catch.

They weren't disappointed. They didn't waste any time. During those three hours she asked him of his childhood in Honduras, just as he asked her about any new interests in her life. They made jokes about the fisherman fanatics with their superfluously designed fish attractors and P&J sandwiches. By this time the sun was suspended high over them, and the smell of fish no longer irritated her. She was with her Daddy.

As the boat sailed back into the harbor, she looked up as the drawbridge came down behind them. As the sun hit the bridge she noticed it was painted blue and small rays of sunlight managed to squeeze through the grating of the steel structure, reflecting dancing yellow spots on the water below. "Thank you, Poppi," she said as she tightley embraced him. He responded, "Let's do this next year."

-Lissa Wilson-Aguilar, II

# CONVERSATIONS WITH MY LITTLE TOE

*toe:* hello!

*me:* who said you could speak?

*toe:* you walk too quickly. you never say what you mean because you are afraid.

*me:* i am not afraid. keep going.

*toe:* no. stop. i refuse to move. stand still. look at yourself. do you like the fear you see?

*me:* i am not afraid.

*toe:* why don't you tell people when you are feeling something instead of climbing on a stage?

*me:* i don't want to intrude.

*toe:* but you do intrude.

*me:* but i don't want to.

*toe:* would you say you are...afraid to?

*me:* no!

*toe:* then you are simply ridiculous.

*me:* you are a talking toe.

*toe:* you acted just like his ex girlfriend. do you find that attractive?

*me:* walk.

*toe:* admit your insecurities and get rid of them.

*me:* i admit my insecurities, and i am rid of them.

*toe:* now, walk slower, watch more carefully, think less of yourself...

*me:* who are you to order me?

*toe:* the balance you crave. besides, you should hear what your other body parts would say if you'd listen.


*me:* my crotch is not giving me a monologue.

*toe:* have it your way.



-Michelle Whitaker, I





## ***Plausible Tangibility***

*Simplicity and complexity  
reside within your eyes,  
shedding faces of a thousand skies  
unto the wayward grass.*

*You are enchanting  
almost elusive in your  
plausible tangibility.*

*The closer I stare,  
the more involved I become,  
letting you catch  
my wandering eyes by surprise.*

*You are beautiful,  
stretched all smooth and light,  
like the softest painting.*

*But I shall never  
possess you within my gallery.  
You are lucky.*

*-Lyzz Almeida, I*





## The OMNIPOTENT Being Named Fred

There was once an omnipotent being named Fred. Since he had been given an ant farm for his birthday, he now could see all the happenings of the small world he was in control of. It was a very nice Ant farm; it had rivers, valleys, oceans, and mountains. The Ants instinctively scurried about in their everyday lives, foraging, building, and loving their existence (though only partially aware of it). Because Fred was an omnipotent being, he aged much more slowly than his little Ants, as all omnipotent beings do. Entire generations of Ants would be born, live, and die within about five Fred minutes. One day, he noticed a small change in his Ants: a few were walking upright.

"Wow, that's funny," thought Fred to himself, "they must have been affected by that Ultraviolet Lamp that's right next to my Ant farm."

Fred then walked away from the little world he controlled, wondering what the next step in this Ants' evolution would be. When he returned, the Ants were ALL walking upright and could now communicate with each other through Ant language, of which there were many. Because Fred was an omnipotent being, he could understand every one of the Ants' languages. After about three hours (Fred time) passed, a group of Ants got together and, to Fred's surprise, looked him in the face. Fred thought this would never come to pass, that the Ants would realize that he was always watching them. A few moments later, the Ants that were looking up at Fred got together and killed a slug (slugs being lesser beings than Ants) in Fred's honor. The Ants asked Fred his true name (they didn't know it), and Fred answered in their Ant language, "I am Fred Dockland." The Ants then bent down on their two right knees (they have six feet) and said, "All hail to You, our great and glorious Fred Dockland! You are the one in whom we trust!"

Fred thought this was just swell. He just got this Ant farm three weeks ago, and some had already evolved far enough to worship him! He was very satisfied by this. A day or so passed, and Fred decided to go look at some other Ant tribes that had recently sprung up. Strangely, the same thing happened: the Ants looked up directly at him and began worshipping him and sacrificing centipedes (this was the way it was done in their culture) in his honor. Again, they asked Fred his name, and he thought a moment to himself. "I guess I'm also Fred George, seeing as how that's my mother's last name...and besides I like that side of the family more," he figured. So he said to this group of Ants, "I am Fred George." And again, the Ants did just as the ones before and bent down in worship.

Fred liked all the attention he was getting from these groups of Ants, so he did them favors. He even invited his friends Bob and Cornelius over to watch his Ant farm with him. They were omnipotent beings as well. Fred said to them, "Watch this" and went up to a third group of Ants. Again they looked up at him, worshipped, sacrificed, and asked him his name. He said, "I am Fred D-" but the Ants cut him off. They asked, "What are their names?" referring to his friends. "Oh, those are my two friends Bob and Cornelius." Fred expected the Ants to fall on their two knees and praise him, but to his dismay they said, "All hail to you, Great Fred, Great Bob, and Great Cornelius! We are your humble servants!" Fred's friends thought this



was funny, that the Ants would be worshipping them. But Fred did not. He got upset, not at his beloved Ants, but at his friends. He made them leave. When he came back, he wanted his Ants to love him and only him. (Fred was a jealous omnipotent being.)

He appeared to another group of Ants and made them worship him and whatnot, just like the rest. When asked his name, he said, "I am Fred Iyatz," because he liked his middle name just as much as either of his last names, and he liked the ring of Fred Iyatz. The Ants fell to their knees and lauded him just like all the rest. Fred was satisfied again. He noticed that the Ants had developed rapidly since his first encounter with them. They had built huge cities with giant buildings. All of the groups he met had found each other and were beginning to understand each other's languages. It seemed as if the Ants had truly achieved the pinnacle of their existence. Just then Fred heard a 'Ding!' and noticed his Pop Tarts were toasted. He left his Ant farm to go eat them.

He returned after he finished to find his world of Ants in dismay. What had happened? All the Ants were fighting with each other, each in Fred's name! One group had amassed a huge army and was yelling, "The true Fred is DOCKLAND!" Another group's warriors were yelling: "No! The true Fred is GEORGE!" A third group that had raised arms yelled at them both, "How dare you? There are many Freds like BOB and CORNELIUS! Do NOT dishonor them!" The fourth group saw what was going on and shouted over everyone else, "What is the matter with you Ants? There is only one Fred and his name is Iyatz!!!"

Fred saw the entire situation unfolding before him. The Ants armies were leveling cities and destroying each other, all because they couldn't comprehend that Fred was a Dockland, a George, and an Iyatz. And they didn't understand that if Fred existed, Bob and Cornelius could also exist. "These Ants are sheep!" Fred yelled aloud, as he watched the destruction of the Ant civilizations. He tried to command the Ants to stop, to get them to realize they were all fighting for the same cause, but the Ants would not listen and kept on fighting each other. After twenty minutes of attempts, Fred stopped trying. The Ants were highly intelligent beings, especially when it came to warfare. They constructed huge weapons of mass destruction to be used against each other. From above, Fred saw a large puff of smoke whenever one of these weapons was used. After a few minutes and many large puffs of smoke later, the fighting stopped. Fred looked down at the Ant farm to see what had happened. There were no Ants left. Fred became very sad all of the sudden, and his eyes welled up. He wept, and when his tears fell on the vacant Ant farm below, they immediately evaporated on the scalding surface. His once-beautiful and thriving Ant farm was now only a piece of smoldering rock, unable to sustain life. Fred turned away from the empty farm, grievously knowing that all his Ants had loved him and died for him in their own way.

-Dan Weissman, II





# Writing

the piece of paper still lies  
in front of me  
it won't go away

the pen still in my hand  
like some forgotten tool  
of long ago

I've forgotten how to write

there is an idea that lies  
inside of me  
locked up in every way

the key is in my hand.  
I can't find it, am I a fool?  
I don't know

all I know is that I am waiting  
for some burst of inspiration  
to unlock the idea

And then the words  
will stumble out  
trip, fall and pick  
themselves up again  
As they rush in an ever increasing  
flow into my hand,  
which once again will dance  
across the page

And bring the idea to life.

-Jane Newbold, VI



# Life Support



I wrote "Life Support" in April when I decided to move to New York to study music at NYU. I originally wrote the tune on marimba, one of the instruments I play, and I then arranged it for a quartet of marimba, bass, drums, and piano. The original title was "New Home," but when I brought it into my composition class at Berklee, my buddy Greg declared, "it is so sick that it is on Life Support!" Thus, a new title was adopted for the song. I wrote an arrangement for my class, and we played it at a concert a few weeks ago.

The message that I want to get across in this song is one of excitement, with a nervous afterthought. When hearing the tune, I think the point is very apparent, through the phrasing of the melody. The chords and the bass line are also written out to complement the melody. I'm finding it very difficult to describe the meaning of the tune in words, because lately, when I've been writing music, it's because I need to express something that I can't say in words. When I first started writing I always wrote boring, simple and cheesy songs (and I still do most of the time...) I just realized that when I wrote this song and some others recently, I got a message out that I hadn't in the other songs.

Music fascinates me and always has. It's something I can't quite describe but find that I understand without knowing how. It expresses all of my emotions and yet leaves room for me to pencil in the details. So, I think if you want to get the real effect of this song or some of my music, it needs to be experienced, not read. As one of my idols, Chick Corea, would say, "There's a place, so easy to be found. If you want, I'll take you there right now. Come with me, there's music all around. Can't you hear? Can't you see? I'm free." If you really want to experience this song, ask me to play it for you.

-Amanda Cannata, I

*A* **Non-Traditional** *Prayer*

Drops of wrath drown in rivers of stillness,  
Pouring themselves into my soul.  
In the wake of my recent agony  
I find peace after another rage.  
conscious that my lesson has not yet been learned,  
The oppressive ignorance forced my mind  
To meditate on my savior,  
Sleeping, at the present moment,  
In the bottom of my stomach.  
Knowing that its fury could rise again,  
Years ago shot terror through my veins,  
Where now spring only my passive acceptance  
That I am not yet forged enough to walk alone  
And my divine understanding of the balance  
That chooses to make me ill.  
The knowledge that my battle is not yet done  
Compels me to keep searching for answers that allow me to shed  
My weakness without losing my humanity  
And let my sickness fly away.  
The wisdom I have gained  
During its stay inside me  
Will teach me to stand  
On the strength of my spirit.

-Alexandra Hanson, I



# Not A Soul Mate, But I'll Settle

(June 2, 2001-November 24, 2001)

I used to call myself a romantic, because I had a rose-tinted dream of love as something indestructible. In my hazy visions, I conjured up a sweet, beautiful boy who handled my feelings gently, wrote me love letters, and understood all that I said, as well as everything I could not express. My imaginings never extended beyond the first kiss – perfect, of course. At fourteen, I wrote many pages in my journal about my longing for a soul mate. At fifteen, I wrote, “Love is the most important thing in the world. The Beatles had it right ‘all you need is love.’”

Now, as a high school junior, my first priority is sleep, followed closely by my stressful academics and a myriad of extracurricular activities. Finding a soul mate isn't even on my list; I don't have the time to throw myself wholeheartedly into a passionate relationship. I never forget that I have a boyfriend, but his oft-made accusation “I'm just another activity to you!” has a shred of truth. My usual response to the agitated boy is “Well, you're certainly not going on my transcript. I care about you, you're important to me,” *ad infinitum*.

My boyfriend ebulliently declares his love for me on every possible occasion. When I suggest to him that he is more in love with love – and its accompanying high – than with me, he replies, “You're my inspiration. You're the reason I go on. How can you suggest something like that? Being in love with love isn't inspiring at all.”

“You need to face reality.”

“Why? I like fantasy. It makes me happy. Anyway, I *am* in love with you.”

“No, you're not.”

“Yes, I am. You're the most important person in my life. Ask anyone who knows me what are the two things I talk about the most, and they'll tell you ‘Stairway to Heaven’ and you.”

Did I mention that he is a “Stairway-to-Heaven” fanatic? He is teaching himself the guitar so that he can play the song for me; he proudly shows off the calluses covering his hands from practicing for hours on steel strings. He has dissected the song line by line to symbolize our relationship and is constantly quoting it to me, like born-again Christians quote the Bible. If I tell him that I'm worried about my grades, he quips, “If there's a bustle in your hedgerow, don't be alarmed now. It's just a spring clean for the May queen,” proceeding to explain how this quote relates to what I have said.

One day over the summer, we were relaxing on my couch with an old Aerosmith song, “Walk this Way,” playing in the background. I was nestled snugly under his arm, leaning against him. We were both unusually quiet, considering that he is hyperactive and that I am the nervous type who feels she has to fill all the silences with words. We were each wrapped up in our separate thoughts. . .

“I wonder how I'll do on the SATs,” I commented, remembering a talk I'd had with a friend that day about college.

Immediately, he withdrew his arm and stared at me, appalled, with his enormous blue-green eyes.

“You destroyed the mood!” he wailed. “How can you talk about the SATs when there's a mood?”

“What mood?”

"It was romantic, and then you had to ruin it."

I rolled my eyes at him. "Oh, please."

"I thought the guy was supposed to screw up with kind of thing," he muttered.

"Oh, come on!" I exclaimed, irritated. "You're overreacting. I'm sorry, OK?"

"OK." He looked disgruntled for a moment, then pulled me swiftly to him and kissed me.

He brings me flowers unexpectedly – red roses every time – and writes me letters as long as novelettes. I think the record number was forty pages. They are a far cry from the love letters I dreamed of at fourteen, but nevertheless, he does write. Of course, he expects me to write him back, addressing every point he made in his letter. Never mind if I have work to do. "I make time to write you," he says. "Can't you do the same?"

I always buckle my seatbelt when I'm in the '92 black Subaru. A few weeks back, I commented to him, "Indifference, not love, is the antithesis of hate" – and gasped as he speeded up, ran a red light, let his car roll down a hill, and braked suddenly just before hitting another car.

"Why did you do that?" I was shaking. "You scared me."

"Indifference."

"If this is another one of your ridiculous examples. . . God, I wasn't even talking about our relationship!" I fumed. I recalled when he got into a trivial argument with my sister on our way back from church. Deciding that actions speak louder than words, he stormed out of the car when we stopped at a red light in West Roxbury. My mother and I sighed in unison. My mother ordered, "Go after him," and I chased my moody boyfriend for three blocks in three-inch heels before he let me catch up with him.

Yet it's true that he's always there for me. He will talk to me whenever I call, no matter what he's doing, even if it's 1:30 in the morning. We have philosophical discussions about life and literature. We argue about who's better, the Beatles or the Stones. I can sit in his car for hours, just talking, creating a world apart from my hectic life. He forgives me if I slip up and say, "If my grades keep deteriorating, I'm going to end up at UMass." "Snob!" he says. He's reasonably content in his first year at UMass Amherst, and since he plans to be a teacher, he's going there for \$5,000 a year. He says he's being "smaht" about it (he has an incurable Boston accent, which I mock gleefully) and has actually told me that he used to make fun of "people like me" in high school.

"Believe me, I'm no overachiever," I tell him. "You should meet my friends. They're much smarter than I am."

He shudders. "Maybe I shouldn't."

Although he only comes back to Boston every three weeks or so, our relationship, if imperfect, is continuing. Actually, it's an intense relief for me that I don't see him more often than I do, because he tends to eat up my time like a vacuum cleaner devours dust bunnies. He's certainly not "the one" for me, but he's fine for a high school relationship. I trust that his exaggerated "love" for me will fade with time, and he will realize how incompatible we are. Maybe then he'll drop his idea of marrying me. I hope so.

-Hana Yoo II





To  
Us

## I

Some things are petrified, those made for lasting  
Others never realized, brief moments passing  
But I want to remember everything  
Like the stale, common air we breathed,  
Can only remember so many things  
But what about the space in between?

Who could have told me of the sacrifice  
Who could wipe the tears of shame  
Who could ever say I was predestined  
Who could plot my friends in the game

What beautiful days have been born of horrid  
nights  
Too perfect, too whole, too captivating  
Not to cry  
Seeing the invisible rules, hearing the unsaid,  
Losing my faith,  
Finding it again  
Realizing the merit of truth and honesty  
Once the innocence had been lost to me  
Discovering a new path to beat well worn  
Only to find it the same one my ancestors bore  
And how I've hardened, youth desensitized  
But how the air of memory softens me,  
And the end has had me rectified.

Oh, I've come through on the other side  
The journey passed all too quickly  
Still I feel the same  
As if I could start all over again  
I have ventured far from what I've known  
But for what it counts  
Sacrifice of the dearest  
Yielded growth

And now  
I have no where to go but forward  
Propelled by the smell of reveries  
Carrying a sword of dreams  
And a shield of understanding

So thank you, because my enemies made me cry  
Thank you, because I pushed for that one last time  
Thank you, because what you're part of  
Is more than I can describe

## II

I am gazing on the empire of a setting sun,  
And marvel,  
Through the death  
And lives  
And sacrifice,  
We won.

## III

So is that all we need?  
Just a pool hall and a jukebox machine  
Just watching the days go by  
At the pool hall on Friday nights  
Pretending to be all right  
Me and you, you and I  
Watching the night go by  
Bye.

-Michelle Metallidis, I



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